

street or Fifth avenue. Even in her plain dress she is a striking figure. Strong, with firm but supple muscles, fearless, ready to die for a cause, this woman is the kind all red-blooded men could take their hats off to.

A militia officer said to me at Calumet: "If McNaughton could only buy Big Annie he could break this strike."

I suppose Annie Clemenc knows what it is to go hungry, but I don't believe all the millions of dividends ever taken out of the Calumet & Hecla mine could buy her.

The day when the soldiers rode down the flag Annie Clemenc stood holding the staff of that big flag in front of her, horizontally. She faced cavalrymen with drawn sabers, infantrymen with bayoneted guns. They ordered her back. She didn't move an inch. She defied the soldiers. She was struck on her right wrist with a bayonet, and over the right bosom and shoulder with a deputy's club.

"Kill me," she said. "Run your bayonets and sabers through this flag and kill me, but I won't go back. If this flag will not protect me, then I will die with it."

And she didn't go back. Miners rushed up, took the flag and got her back for fear she might be killed.

After the parade one morning Annie Clemenc came up to the curb where President Moyer was standing. I was there.

Looking up at him she said:

"It's hard to keep one's hands off the scabs."

I asked her if the big flag wasn't heavy. "I get used to it," she said. "I carried it ten miles one morning. The men wouldn't let me carry it back. I love to carry it."

One Sunday afternoon I followed the parade on the long walk from Red Jacket to the Palestra Rink at Laurium. Annie Clemenc was dressed in a plain white gown. There were no fancy frills on it—just a touch of colored ribbon. She wore no hat, and her dark hair waved with the breeze. From the top of the big flag staff she carried a streamer ran to either side, the ends held by neatly-dressed little girls who proudly marched at Annie's side.

I imagine the white dresses of the little girls were made by their mothers. The faces of the little girls were beautiful. Their features were clean-cut. There were pretty ribbons in their hair. But the spirit! You don't see it in the cities.

I walked fully two miles admiring those beautiful children, daughters of striking miners in the copper country; and I felt like keeping my hat off in reverence to all those women and children. I found use for my handkerchief. Something got the matter with my eyes as I thought how glorious humanity is at what we in our blindness think is its worst.

I was told up at Calumet that some of the miners have twelve children and that large families are common. I knew that families run small in the mansions of our cities.

I marveled at the wisdom of Nature's laws. I had a new light on the law of the survival of the fittest. I thought what glorious men and women America would produce if there were millions of mothers like Annie Clemenc. I thought how much the future of the race would owe to the fact that the families of the rich die out while the workers multiply and replenish the earth.

I thought of James McNaughton, general manager of the Calumet & Hecla Company, and his salary of \$40,000 a year as general manager, \$25,000 a year as second vice-president and \$20,000 a year as director, to